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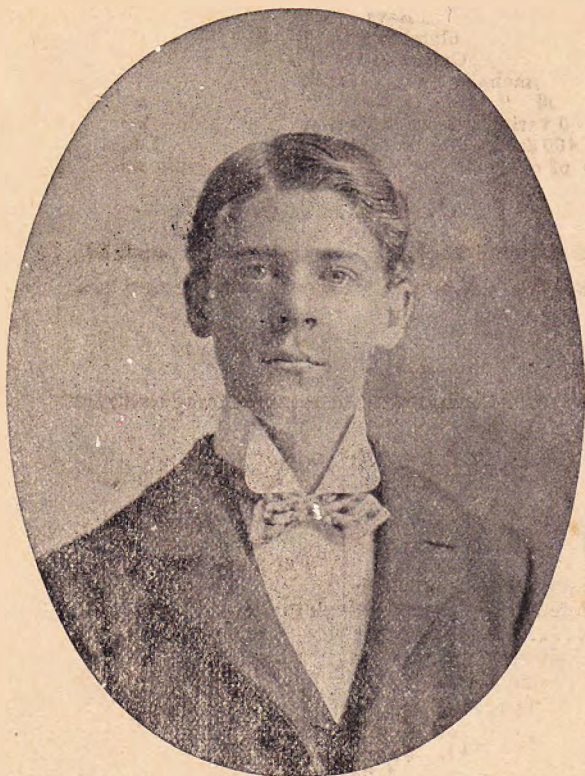
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BERLIN, DECEMBER, 1899

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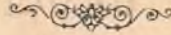
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THE IRON OF REMORSE.

How the First Fright
Of Battle Troubled a Young
Officer.

BY GWENDOLEN OVERTON

It is never well to be too sure what you would do under given circumstances until you have tried and found out. A course of action which you know to be absolutely foreign to every instinct within you—when you sit down to reason about it, after the manner of the age—may be the very one you will follow when there is no time for reason. If any one had told Mackworth that under fire he would be a coward, Mackworth would have knocked the informant down then and there and have reflected upon the danger to his commission afterward.

Mackworth had been graduated, too, but being a right minded boy, he remembered that it was to Horatius that the molten image was made, and not to the fellow who built the bridge. So he very properly chose the cavalry, and heaven rewarded him by sending him straight to the frontier. And this was in the days when there was a frontier; when men endured discomforts that they sigh to know again, as none ever sigh for the luxuries of the past; when the Apache and the Chiricahua were in the land and still struggling to be masters of it, and when a woman was truly a blessing of the gods and might, even under disadvantages, have her pick of the department. But as there is no woman in all this, that is irrelevant.

Except after the manner of cadets—which is not to be taken seriously—Mackworth had not let woman enter into his scheme of existence. His ideals were of another sort just then. He was young and full of belief and things, and he thought that the way to win the approval of the war department and the gratitude of his country was to avoid wire pulling and to kill Indians. Therefore he rejoiced greatly when, after only six weeks of his thoroughly undesirable garrison, Chatto took the Chiricahuas on the warpath, and he was ordered out in the field. He had had his kit all rolled in a rubber poncho and his mess chest pretty well stocked for the whole of the six weeks. He believed that a soldier should be always in readiness. He believed so many things then—though before long the bottom fell out of his universe, and he was filled with an enduring skepticism. And this was how it came about:

The first time he was under fire was when they were caught at rather a disadvantage among the pines in the Mogollons. The fight began about dusk and lasted well into the night. It may have been the result of some bugaboo stories of his boyhood, which had fostered an unconquerable fear of the dark; it may have been some lurking instinct, or it may have been just blue funk which overcame him. Anyway, he hid behind a boulder, crouched and cowered there, trembling so that his carbine fell from his hands.

And Morley, his captain, found him so. "What are you doing?" he demanded. He was an Irishman and a soldier of the old school, but he did not swear. Mackworth knew from that how bad it was. He scrambled up and babbled. "Get out of there," the captain said. He would have used a better tone to one of the troop curs.

Mackworth felt for his carbine and got out, staggering, but no longer

afraid, only ashamed — sickeningly ashamed—beyond all endurance. He tried hard to get himself killed after that. He walked up and down in front of his men, giving orders and smoking cigarettes and doing his best to serve as a target. The captain watched him and began to understand. His frown relaxed. "You'd better get under cover," he suggested. "You are taking needless risks." Mackworth looked at him with wide, blank eyes and did not answer. His face was not only white now; it was gray and set, like the face of a corpse.

Morley's heart softened. "It's only a baby, anyway," he said to himself, "and it is unhappy out of all proportion." And presently he went him again. "Will you get under cover, Mackworth?" he insisted.

"No," said the lieutenant. "I won't."

The captain swore now, fierce and loud. "I order you back under cover, sir."

Mackworth glanced at him and went on smoking. Morley did not fancy his own position, arguing with a green boy, fully exposed to an invisible enemy. He knew that wasting officers is pretty, but is not war. "I shall order you to the rear under arrest unless you get back there with the men immediately."

Mackworth retired, with a look at his superior for which he should have been court martialed. After that the scout went the way of most scouts, being a chase of the intangible, up mountain ranges, when you pulled your horse after you; down them, when he slid atop of you; across mairais and desert, from the level of the mesquite and the greasewood to that of the pine and the manzanita. Chatto's band was at the north, to the south, to the east and west, but when the troops got to the spot after forced marching there was nothing.

It went on for two months, and all the while Mackworth's despondency grew. The weight of years was upon his, yet barely squared shoulders, the troubles of a lifetime were writ upon his face. And it was a pitifully young face despite the growth of yellow beard. He would not be comforted. He was silent and morose. He would not lift up his beautiful baritone in song be the camp never so dull. Only his captain knew why of course, and he didn't tell. Neither did he attempt consolation. He thought the remorse healthful, and he knew besides that in such cases a man has to work out his own conclusions and salvation. This is the way Mackworth eventually tried to work out his:

There came one day a runner from the hostiles—a dish faced, straight locked creature of sinews—who spoke through the White mountain interpreter of the troops and said that his chief was ready to go back to the reservation, but that he must go upon his own terms. And the chief stipulated, moreover, that one white man—one, alone and unguarded—should go to the hostile camp and discuss those terms. If a force attempted to come, he would retreat with his braves and stay out all winter.

Morley made answer that he had no fear of the chief staying out all winter among the mountains when the agency was so comfortable, but that if he did the white man could stand it as long as could he. Moreover, he said that none of his soldiers had any intention whatever of walking into a death trap of the sort.

Then Mackworth spoke up. "I have," he said.

"Get out," said the captain incredulously.

"I mean what I say," said Mackworth, "and I shall consider your permission to go the greatest and the only

favor you can do me. *Something may be effected by it.*"

"Your death, that's all; and a little preliminary torture."

The lieutenant shrugged his shoulders. "Shall you let me go?" he insisted.

"Not by a long sight."

"I wish to go, Captain Morley."

Morley considered, and he decided that it might not be wise to refuse. There was no knowing just what the set faced boy might do. So they parleyed together for a time, then Mackworth mounted his horse and went. He did not expect to come back, and the officers and men did not expect to see him again.

After four hours they came to the mouth of a narrow canyon. The runner had given no sign or sound, and the fixed look had not gone from Mackworth's face. Well within the canyon the hostiles were in camp. They had hobbled their lean little ponies, the squaws were gathering wood and the bucks were squatting upon the ground or playing monte with cards of painted hide, around a cowskin spread under a cedar tree. Four of them rose and slouched forward. There was a prolonged scrutiny upon both sides.

The chief waited for Mackworth to begin, but the white man's instincts were good. He beat the sullenly silent redskin at his own game, and in the end the chief spoke. The runner displayed for the first time his understanding and interpreted. Mackworth made answer with decision, offsetting his own terms. The bucks scowled, and the chief began to argue. The white man with the unflinching eyes would not compromise. "Tell him," Mackworth said, "that this is my will. If he will not do this, I go back to the soldiers and we follow you and kill you all, man and woman." The face of the chief grew black, a growl rose from

the crowding bucks, and the watching squaws began to chatter in voices sweet as the tinkle of glass bells.

The chief stepped suddenly forward and caught the bridle above the curb shanks. Not so much as an eyelash of the stern, white, young face quivered, and the heart of the red man was filled with admiration. One movement of fear would have cost Mackworth his life then, but he was not afraid, not though he knew that torture might await him. He sat looking coolly down at the lowering, cruel faces. The chief turned and spoke to the bucks, and there was a growl of protest. The squaws joined with a shrill little chorus scream. But the chief flung away the bridle with a force which made the horse back.

"He do same you say. He-go back to reservation today. He say you ukishee quick," said the interpreter. Mackworth turned deliberately and ukisheed, with no show of haste and without a backward look.

He reported his success and went to his tent. His look of stolid wretchedness was unchanged. Morley began to be nervous. He went to the tent himself and found the lieutenant writing a letter by lantern light. It was not a normal opportunity to take for that, so the captain, being filled with misgivings, trumped up an errand and sent him off on it. Then he looked at the letter. It was to Mackworth's mother. Morley did not read it, but he guessed the whole thing in a flash. He took up Mackworth's carbine and slid it under the tent flaps into the outer darkness. Also he broke the Colt's, which had been thrown down upon the bedding, and put the cartridges in his pocket. Then he replaced it in the holster and, going out, picked up the carbine and hid it in the brush.

After the camp was all asleep and Morley snoring loudly across the tent

Mackworth groped under his pillow and brought out the revolver. He cocked it and waited a moment, then he placed the barrel well in his mouth and pulled the trigger once, and then again and again.

* * * * *

At first call for reveille Morley awoke. Mackworth was already up, and, turning, he studied his captain's face with the faintest and most unwilling of smiles twitching the corners of his mouth under the beard. It was the most natural and healthy look his face had worn in weeks.

"Well?" said Morley.

"Well," answered Mackworth, "I should like my carbine and the loads of my Colt's, please."

Morley's face broke into a broad grin. "Will you be good if I let you have them?" he asked.

"I'll be good," promised the Lieutenant.—Argonaut

The Parrot Turned Brown.

Long had the wife of a poor Washington clerk been yearning for the possession of a green parrot.

At last a fine specimen was obtained for \$10. It was delivered in the morning, and it came to pass that a new servant from the depths of the country opened the door to the delivery boy. Her mistress was out; there was not a soul to instruct her in the code of ethics as applied to parrots.

"Is it for the table?" she asked.

"Without doubt," was the wicked reply.

Whereupon the parrot was dispatched at once, plucked, trussed and put into the oven. He was just turning a beautiful brown when the mistress of the establishment returned, and that same evening the little servant from the country was back among the ducks and drakes of her own village green a wiser and sadder girl.

The Trunk Strap.

"No good," said a baggage man, touching as he spoke a rope that was tied around a trunk standing in a railroad baggage room. It was a stout rope and securely tied so far as the knot was concerned, but it did not bind on the trunk, and it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to draw it close without some mechanical means to help. As it stood with the rope loose about it the trunk could have been easily broken by careless handling as though there had been no rope around it at all.

"A strap is the only thing," the baggage man said, "to put around a trunk."—New York Sun.

Broiling a Steak.

The broiling of steak often fills the house with smoke and the meat odor, (in many cases this can be avoided by as simple an expedient as opening the dampers of the stove or range when the broiler is put on and letting the draft carry the fumes up the chimney. A great many things that are odious in housekeeping may be avoided by "knowing how."

Rough on the Minister.

Sir William Long tells a story of an old Scotch lady who could not abide long sermons. She was hobbling out of the kirk one Sunday when a coachman, who was waiting for his people, asked her, "Is the minister dune wi' his sermon?"

"He was dune lang syne," said the old lady impatiently, "but we wanna stop!"

The Festal Hour.

"How happy the Dabney-Joneses look this evening. It must be their wedding anniversary."

"No; they've got their old cook back."—Detroit Free Press.

A MOURNFUL MISFIT.

The Man Who Has a Genius For Being Inopportune.

"There goes a man," said a Canal street philosopher, "who has made a failure of life in spite of exceptional equipment for success. He is honest, able, highly educated and industrious as a beaver. He has no bad habits, and I couldn't name a man in New Orleans who possesses a kinder disposition, yet he is continually out of a job and is studiously avoided by everybody who knows him. The mysterious part of it is that nobody can tell you just why, and the poor fellow doesn't understand it himself. He is beginning to think that somebody has worked a rabbit's foot on him, but the secret is really this:

"He has a genius for the inopportune. By some malign freak of fate he always says and does the wrong thing at the wrong time. It is not lack of tact; it is destiny. For example, I like him, but he never called on me in his life that his visit wasn't highly unwelcome. He is morally certain to drop in just in time to catch one doing something foolish or discreditable, and you know how we hate the innocent chance witness of our follies.

"He made a mortal enemy of Colonel — because he happened to walk into his office while the old man was dying his mustache. He chanced on a certain prominent lawyer smirking before a mirror, rehearsing an impromptu after dinner speech, and the prominent lawyer got even by knocking him out of a valuable contract. Those are two cases, out of dozens. He never gossips or tattles, but the mere fact that he has seen things he oughtn't to see and heard things he oughtn't to hear makes his very presence embarrassing to the other fellows.

"It's most unfortunate, and all fate. If he were introduced to a man whose grandfather had been hanged he'd be absolutely certain to begin talking about rope inside of two minutes. As I said before, he has a genius for the inopportune. My wife loathes him because her false frizzes blew off on the street one day and

landed on top of his umbrella. He had nothing whatever to do with either the frizzes or the elements, but now I can't ask him to my house. Terrible to be under such a curse, isn't it?"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The English and the Irish.

That the English and the Irish, living under the same physical conditions, should have the most opposite characteristics of any two people in the world is one of the mysteries. The physical conditions of the two races are almost identical. Ireland, like England, being insular, with a surface marked by moderate irregularities and possessing a moist and equable climate, the chief differences being that Ireland is rather more mountainous than England and its climate being a little milder and wetter. Yet the two peoples are sharply contrasted in temperament and character.

The Irish are as impulsive, mercurial, humorous and unmethodical as the English are stolid, orderly and practical. In war the Irish are most successful in attack, the English in defense. The Irishman enters into matrimony with his heart only, the Englishman calculates the cost of marriage before making a proposal. Irish literature is more witty, more tender, more glowing than English, but is less solid and enduring.

The contrast of character is most strikingly demonstrated by the fact that the two nations, during an inter-course of more than seven centuries, have never been able to thoroughly understand each other, and, apart from artificial difficulties manufactured by unscrupulous agitators, the real differences between the two countries have been entirely due to a mutual misunderstanding of each other's characteristics.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

WAYS OF FEIGNING DEATH

A Well Known Actress Describes the Death Scene.

There is something fascinating in a well simulated death scene. The actress must know how to die gracefully, and it may be added that the feat is by no means easy, says *The Dramatic News*.

Viola Allen has been called upon to frequently make her demise in various plays, and her death scenes have always provoked much comment on account of their intense reality.

"I have endured many deaths," said Miss Allen recently. "How have I died? Well, in numerous ways. One I remember in 'Virginus.' I was stabbed and fell backward to the ground. The blow made me gasp, then gradually my limbs became rigid, and I fell just at the moment that the spark of life is supposed to leave the body. I used to remain motionless, with eyes and mouth open. My authority for such action and subsequent pose is the strongest in the world. I was the unfortunate witness of just such a tragedy in real life. The only pain I experienced in my scene was the enforced holding of my breath, for you can imagine that the slightest exhalation would show a movement of the body. The length of the actual death scene is about five minutes.

"When I played in 'Othello' with Tommaso Salvini, I was always very nervous during the smothering scene, because he used to get so excited. I used to turn my face sideways and hold a small space open under the farther side of the pillow so that I could breathe, but even that breathing hole would frequently get closed up under the forceful energy of Salvini. Then, when he found that he had killed Desdemona without cause, in his remorse he would throw himself heavily upon the body. I used to wait for this piece of business with fear and trembling. Salvini's fall was awfully realistic!

"As Juliet I have died many times. You know Romeo drinks the poison and subsequently throws the vial away as I approach him; then, seeing him die, I stab myself and fall over him. In one

city a property man, thinking poison should be represented by a black fluid, filled the vial with ink. As Romeo merely made a slight motion of drinking he did not notice the fluid. But when he threw the bottle from him it struck somewhere near me, and the ink flew all over my face and lovely white gown. On that occasion, you may be sure, I ended my life with the least possible delay.

"In 'La Carboiniere' I had a slow death by poison and took special care to find out the right poison that should be mentioned in the piece as the one which would cause a slow numbing of the senses.

"As Jess in 'Hoodman Blind,' concludes Miss Allen, "I died of starvation and lay on my side well down the stage. This was often an awkward situation on account of the different curtains at the various theaters. Sometimes, to avoid my being struck by the curtain, the hero would be obliged to drag my body back, and once, though a man put out his hand to keep the roller away from me, the heavy mass actually grazed my nose."

Picturesque Fishermen.

All the fishermen of the Zuyder Zee are large and robust men. They are on the sea all week and are accustomed from infancy to the perilous occupation of fishing. Many of them spend the greater part of their lives in boats, and what strong, healthy models they are for the painter!

They know every foot of water in the region to which they are limited by the government to ply their vocation, and they rarely leave familiar waters on account of the numerous sand banks which are a menace on all sides. The sea is a dangerous one for that reason. It also has its special characteristics owing to the singularity of its original formation, it being said that cities are flooded at its bottom, it having submarine meadows and banks of yellow mud rarely covered by more than two feet of water, giving its edge that strange, greenish color noted by artists as they paint it. The dikes prevent the other parts of the lands from being submerged.

The Volendamers evade calamity successfully most of the time, but when hungry mouths at home prompt them to seek for food in new waters they become venturesome and go as far as the North sea, at the expense of life sometimes, as was the case recently when eight brave fishermen were caught in a gale in which their boats foundered on reefs and all perished. Regularly on Sunday evening can be heard the click, click, tick, tick, as they haul the nets down from the masts of the blunt bowed boats and make them ready for a long week's work.—Donahoe's Magazine.

A Bad Habit.

The way some people drag miscellaneous French phrases into their conversation and letters reminds one of the currants distributed through a third rate bun—what they lack in quality they make up in quantity. The use of a French term that has no English equivalent is a different matter, of course.

A man who, as one of his friends puts it, knows how to keep silent in 11 languages and has made a handbook of Chinese conversation as well as a treatise on modern Greek might be in darkest ignorance of any language but English for all his conversation shows. So severe is his taste for plain English that he scrupulously translates all of the foreign phrases that have crept into general use. He even disdains to say *creme de menthe*, and simply asks for cream of mint when he happens to want it. It really sounds rather distinguished.—Philadelphia North American.

A Dry Lunch.

A parson staying in Wales for his holiday set out with his three sisters one day to go up Snowdon. After a long and tiring climb of some three hours they arrived at the summit and sat down to enjoy some sandwiches which the reverend gentleman had carried all the way in a brown paper parcel. The string was cut. Four pairs of eyes looked eagerly and hungrily at the parcel. The paper was unfolded, and two or three night-shirts were exposed to view. The parson had taken the wrong parcel.

Why She Was Anxious.

He had been out for a day's fishing, and as he proudly displayed the contents of his basket to his wife she exclaimed

"Oh, John, aren't they beautiful! But I've been so anxious for the last hour dear."

"Foolish little one," said John caressingly "Why, what could have happened to me?"

"Oh, I didn't worry about you, love, but it grew so late I was afraid that before you got back to town the fish shops would all be shut."—

Settling Down.

"I'm anxious to get married and settle down," said the fagged bachelor, "so that I can pick out one good club and stick to it."

Treating Insomnia.

So many people suffer from insomnia nowadays that it is a wonder they do not adopt the time honored custom of French kings and indeed of our ancestors generally, the "en cas" by the bedside, the meal of fruit or bread and cold chicken, put ready in case of wakefulness. Many a merry little meal might be eaten in the middle of the night, when thoughts crowd on the mind and care sits heavy. It is the wakeful digestion that claims its due and clamors to be fed. Our forefathers were wise, and many a hunter after old furniture knows the quaint little cupboard with a grated door which served for the night meal and is now sometimes labeled a cheese cupboard. A bedside book is of no use when the pangs of hunger make for mastery, but with a book and a "snack" one can contrive to pass some pleasant hours, even when sleep does not touch one's eyelids and the sweet boon of unconsciousness evades one's grasp.

SOCIETY KLEPTOMANIACS.

They Purloin Articles of Virtue From the Homes of Officials.

One of the leading jewelers of the capital was somewhat taken aback one day, says a Washington paper, by receiving from the wife of a high official an order for half a dozen gold nails with a jewel in the head of each and a dozen small gold chains. He inquired the uses to which the nails were to be put, when his patron said:

"You see, I have a number of very valuable objects of art, which, although they are very expensive, are very small and easily handled. As the wife of an official of the government, I am obliged to open my house during the season to the constituents of my husband and the Washington curiosity seeking public in general. On my reception day, therefore, my house is crowded with all sorts of people, and last winter I suffered the loss of several of my most valuable treasures.

"I have long been trying to devise some plan by which I can keep my objects of art outside of my cabinets and yet not have them stolen, for that is the only word I can use in regard to the loss of my treasures. I have concluded that I must either nail down some of the bric-a-brac or chain it securely to the table, and hence I am going to try this remedy. That is why I want these nails and chains."

This woman's predicament is not an unusual one in Washington official circles. The kleptomaniacs who commit the most aggravated depredations are for the most part well known leaders in society.

One winter social circles in Washington were greatly bewildered and shocked by the doings of one of the best known women in official circles. A number of hostesses began to miss

valuable doilies from their dinner tables after they had given luncheons or dinners, and finally several of them got together and compared notes, and suspicion fell upon one of the women who had been the guest at luncheons given by those gathered at the conference.

Finally the wife of a prominent diplomat determined to stop the raid upon the doilies, and at the next luncheon she seated the suspected kleptomaniac next to her. When the doilies were brought on, she watched her guest and discovered that the latter laid her doily on the table and, carelessly dropping her handkerchief over it, picked up both.

The hostess, in a most charming manner, turned to her guest and said: "Pardon me, my dear Mrs. —, but I am afraid you have my most exquisite doily in your handkerchief. It is so fine I am afraid it will be crushed and therefore call your attention to your inadvertence in taking it up with your handkerchief."

The guest was not in the least abashed, and with a laugh she shook out her handkerchief, and the doily fell back on the table, whereupon she exclaimed: "Why, dear me, so I have! How very careless of me!"

There were significant glances all around the table, but no more doilies were lost during that season.

Legitimate.

The Brother—I don't see, sis, where you got your head for figures.

The Sister—I got it helping father audit your college accounts. Detroit Free Press.

His Experience.

Watts—What was the worst storm you ever encountered?

N. Peck—I think it blew at the rate of about 300 words a minute.

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Two inches	85	of 25 per cent off these
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		tract advertisements

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Energy Publishing Company

F. I. Weaver M'gr

Berlin, Ontario.

HUMOR.

Once upon a time a peasant observed, with much uneasiness, that his goose was laying golden eggs. Of course he killed the goose. "For," he exclaimed, "were this to continue, the mortgage on my farm would presently be lifted, and I should be left without political prestige in the community." Some people can't stand prosperity.

Hicks: "What is your opinion of the new woman?" Wicks: "About the same as my wife's opinion of the new girl. She is all right for a little while, but very soon develops into a nuisance."—Boston Transcript.

A minister having preached a very long sermon, as was his custom, some hours after asked a gentleman his candid opinion of it; he replied that "twas good, but it had spoilt a goose worth two of it."—Tit-Bits.

STAMPS in a Fine Album and illustrated list FREE to all. Agts 50 per cent. 100 Cuba etc., 5c.

The Hill Stamp Co.

Box b24, S. End. Boston, Mass.

ALBUM Containing FREE STAMPS

To every collector. 100,000 albums and 3 bbls. of stamps to be given away. Send name on postal. We also give every new agent a beautiful illustrated album. 50 per cent. com. 106 India-China, etc., album, hinge paper and cata., all for 5c. 500 games, tricks, etc., and paper 3 mos. with stamp news, stories and puzzles, 10c. **BARGAIN CATS, FREE A. Bullard & Co., Sta. A, Boston, Mass.**

RECRUITS WANTED

In order to get your patronage we will send you:

- 1 Pocket album,
- 100 Best hinges,
- 5 var entire post cards,
- 1 sheet gummed paper,
- 4 blank app sheets,

ALL FOR 10c Postage Extra.

LORNE L THOMPSON
MEAFORD ONT.

SEND

for our trade list with list of
what you have to trade.

DEALERS

We would like to have you
send us wholesale lots on ap-
proval.

AUC. MGRS.

Please send us your catalogue
of rates.

COLLECTORS

Send us an order for some of
the following bargains.

PACKETS

125 var. pocket album	10c
20 var. British colonies	7c
65 var. choice foreign	5c

SETS

5 var. Portugese India	8c
5 var. Swiss	6c
3 var. Bavarian Ret. Let.	8c
Orders under 15c Postage ex- tra.	

EVERYBODY

sending us 150 United States
or Foreign stamps will get a
fine novel; for 500 a better
one, and for 1000 a nicely
bound book. Anything ex-
cept envelope stamps taken,
and in any quantity, but they
must be in good condition.
We have 500 or more novels
that we are going to trade in
this manner. Don't you want
some of them? All post free.
Send for as many as you can.

ARLINGTON STAMP CO.

ATKINSON,

N. H.

Canadian Stamps Wanted.

We desire to buy Canadian stamps
in quantities and will pay highest cash
for same. Let us hear from you. 30c
per 100 for maps. 2c on 3c leafs 60c
per 190 2c on 3c num. Correspondence
desired.

ONTARIO STAMP CO'Y,
TRENTON ONT.



BOOMERS

99 Mixed Yankee	
Stamps	3c
100 Mixed John Bull	
Stamps	6c

J T HANDFORD,

29 E 13th St.

Philadelphia, Pa.

A Sermon to Journalists.

Rev. A. A. Cameron, of the Forest Baptist Church, Ottawa, recently preached a sermon to the journalists of his city. His remarks were much appreciated. The following report is from the Journal:

The text was taken from the 11th verse of the first chapter of Revelations, where the command comes to John, "What thou seest, write on a scroll." "This must ever be the motto of the vigilant reporter of to-day," said the speaker. "What the reporter sees is public. - He is the eyes of the world. In newspaper work the completion is greater than in any other line. It is humorous yet serious. Newspaper men are the detectives of society. They are the experts who train the hidden course of events in politics, society and business.

"Here is the danger. There are in private and public life many things that are better left unsaid. A good journalist must discriminate.

"Christ said things applicable to newspaper men. He said to the disciples, 'There is nothing that is hid that will not be revealed.' The modern reporter of to-day carries this motto out. He has the privilege of doing everything, seeing everything, going everywhere."

Mr. Cameron spoke of reliability and a true perspective as being the great assets for any paper to have, and he also gave a very clear definition of news.

"To the newspaper man, the world becomes a stage, with all the men the players thereon. This is their great danger."

"The chief danger of newspaper men is that they come to regard everything on the same plane. They are

apt to be cynical, and they get so as to regard churches, theaters, political meetings and all such gatherings as each a department of equal value." The speaker condemned a form of journalism which he called a rash slash, rush-gush product, turned out from a soft brain pulp mill.

In conclusion the speaker gave a brilliant passage on the newspaper of the Golden Age. "Then," said he, "every inch of every page, every headline, and catch-line, every advertisement and introduction, every telegraphic despatch, will contain news of Christ's Kingdom and His glory and for ever, and all the kingdoms will bow to Him."

Gullible New Yorkers.

New York, Dec. 18. — A street merchant known as "Flustling Pete" is said to have been detected by the police in a scheme to make money enough to enable him to retire from business in a few days.

According to the story, as soon as "Pete" heard that seven kittens had been born in one of the columns of the Dewey arch, an event which occurred about a week ago, he started in to collect as many kittens as he could lay hands on in Greater New York.

Beginning early yesterday morning he stood at 24th street and Broadway with six kittens in a basket, which he quickly sold at \$1.50 each as the "Original Dewey kittens." As fast as his basket was emptied he refilled it with six more, and it is estimated that before he was stopped he had sold 250.

ENERGY.



W. RUSSEL BROWN.

ENERGY.

The Triumph Packet.

100
Varieties
Price
25c
Post
Free.

This packet is one of special value. We intend to make it a specialty and will put in the very best value possible.

We ask you to buy one, if it is not satisfactory return it and get your money back. We use ½c stamps for postage.

This Packet Contains One hundred all different stamps such as Uruguay, Travancore, Mexico old unused, West Australia, St. Lucia, Queensland, Barbados, Dutch Indies, Bolivia Honduras, Greece Olympian, Leeward Islands, Costa Rica, Grenada, Ecuador, Bulgaria, Cuba, Trinidad, Jamaica, Brit. Guiana, Egypt, Tasmania, Cape, Natal, Chili, Sweden Official and other choice varieties.

100 All Diff. 25c Post Free.

You know a packet of this kind is cheap at 25c

Let us sell you ONE.

Energy Company,

F. I. WEAVER, MGR.

Box 494, Berlin, Ont.

Join the Dominion Philatelic Association.



Members receive, every month, free of charge a copy of the Official Organ, in which magazine the reports of the Society are published the regular price of which is 25 cents, so this benefit alone equals the cost of membership.

The members meet in convention each year, and any one who has attended a convention of the Philatelic Society, knows that it is something to look forward to. You can learn more about stamps in a day at a Convention than you can in a month by yourself.

Members have the use of a fine Exchange Department. Through this Department you can buy and sell stamps. You send your stamp on books to the Exchange Superintendent, who forwards them to a number of members, who invariably buy generously.

The Association has, besides many other benefits, a Library, Counterfeit Detector, and an Attorney who collects bad debts for members.

Membership in the Society affords other benefits too numerous to mention.

Any responsible person may become a member.

The cost to become a member is 10c for initiation fee, and 25c per year dues. For application blanks address

F. I. WEAVER, BERLIN, ONT.



War In The Transvaal

Has created an enormous demand
for all South African stamps.
For a limited time only I can offer

The Stamps You WANT, At a WANTED Price.

Cape of Good Hope 5 varieties	5c.
Natal 3 "	5c.
Orange Free State 4 "	10c.
South African Rep 6 "	10c.
South African Rep. 1885, 1 shilling green, unused, full gum	.40.
Cuba on U. S. complete set 1, 2, 2½, 3, 5 and 10c with Special Delivery 7 varieties.....	.65.
Cuba, current complete 6 varieties with Special Delivery, both sets unused o. g.....	.70.
Puerto Rico last issue 9 varieties unused full gum	.35.
United States Periodical Stamps.	
1 cent black 1885 full gum unused	.12
1 " " 1895 wkld unused o. g.	.03
2 " " " " " "	.06
5 " " " " " "	.10
Cuban Money 2 var new 5 and 10c bills, very pretty	.20
6d Black Canada imperforate a perfect copy of this rare stamp	3.75
Old Broken Bank bills, cheap stamps, medium stamps, rare stamps, and all kinds of stamps. Whether you want to buy, sell or exchange.	

Why not write me?

New 1900 list just out. Yours for the Asking.

Samuel P. Hughes, Howe, Neb.

Established 1884.